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THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

One day, in huckleberry time, when
Little Johnny Fields
And half a dozen other boys were
shortcake with their pails
To gather berries, Johnny's pa, in talking with him said,
That he could tell him how to pick so he'd come out ahead.

"First find your bush," said Johnny's pa, "and stick to it till
You've picked it clean. Let those go chasing all about who will
In search of better bushes; but it's picking tells, my son—
To look at dirty bushes doesn't count like picking berries."

And Johnny did as he was told; and sure enough, he found,
By sticking to his bush while all the others chased around
In search of better picking, 'twas as his father said;
For, while the others looked, he worked, and so came out ahead.

And Johnny recollected this when he became a man;
And first of all he laid him out a well determined plan;
So, while the brilliant triflers failed with all their brains and push,
What, steady-going Johnny won, by "stick to his bush."

—Nixon Waterman.

Pink Cherokees

By Harriet Crocker LeRoy

THE quarrel between Mary Alice Page and her lifelong friend and next-door neighbor, Octavia Bennet, started as quarrels are likely to start, over nothing. The morning that Mary Alice came home from a visit to a distant friend she brought with her a pink Cherokee rosebush. Octavia Bennet "ran over" in her impulsive way.

"O Mary Alice!" she cried. "Just think, a pink Cherokee! I do think they're the prettiest things! The white Cherokees are pretty of course, but they're getting so common. It does seem as if everybody on the street had them. But this is the very first pink one in town, I do believe. No; there's one up at the Spencer place, where they always have the best and newest of everything, but this is the first one on our street at least!"

She looked admiringly at the sturdy bush as Mary Alice carefully set it out in the cool moist soil on the north side of the fence that divided the two gardens.

"There's the loveliest cutting on that bush," she said wistfully, "several of them! I shouldn't want you to take one off now, but later, when it's well established, it won't hurt it a bit; and I'd dearly love to have one. I've always admired pink Cherokees ever since I saw the first one up at Spencer's. They're like wild roses, only larger and prettier!"

With capable hands Mary Alice patted the earth firm about the roots, and a look of stern resolution settled round her mouth.

"I don't know as I want to take any cuttings from this bush, ever," she said. "I don't see why I can't have one thing in my garden that everyone else doesn't have! Just because my hollyhocks were so pretty three years ago, everyone on the street came to me for seed, and now every single yard on this street has its row of hollyhocks. I don't intend to take cuttings from this pink Cherokee rose and see 'em started in everybody's yard. I may be selfish and stingy, but that's the way I feel about it."

Octavia Bennet could hardly believe her ears. "But, Mary Alice—me!" she said. "You surely can't mean me! Why, all our lives we've shared everything from bits of broken blue dishes for our playhouses when we were little girls to crochet and tatting patterns and cake receipts and flowers and—and—"

She broke off suddenly; tears were rising in her eyes. Like the little girl she really was at heart, Octavia always cried easily.

She moved away from the dividing fence.

"Why, I can't make it seem real that you mean me!" she said. "We've never before refused each other anything in reason. But if you feel that way—"

She paused uncertainly. Mary Alice rose to her feet, brushed the brown earth from her hands and looked straight across the fence into Octavia's eyes.

"I do feel that way," she said. "I'm sick and tired of having your yard look just like mine! I want mine different! When I got that corn-and-begonia bed started over there on the north side of the house it wasn't a week before you had one started too. And my border of pansies! I did think the way I had 'em bordering the walk was so nice, and people praised 'em so much. Then you had to do the same thing, and somehow yours went 'way ahead of mine. And my tulip bed—it was the prettiest thing on the street till you sent off and bought bulbs and planted that big round bed. You always got your ideas from me, and then you go ahead and have so much better luck with your flowers than I do that everyone notices it. I suppose you've got what's called 'the growing hand,' for you don't work nearly so hard raising things as I do and still everything you put into the ground grows for you. Well, I've decided to have one thing in my garden that you haven't got. Of course you can send off and buy yourself a pink Cherokee rosebush like mine if you want to,—I can't help your doing that,—but I'm free to say that I hope you won't. I do want one thing all to myself, and I don't take off one single slip for anybody; no, not even for you!"

Octavia Bennet stared at her. She picked up her apron and with nervous fingers fell to pleating and folding the hem.

"I—I declare," she said brokenly, "I never was so surprised in all my life. You, Mary Alice, that's been my very best friend ever since we were little girls together, to talk to me like that! —I—"

She turned away abruptly and went toward the house. Mary Alice on the other side of the fence looked after her and opened her lips to call her back, but some perverse thing in her heart would not let her.

It was inconceivable to her that she had hurt Octavia deeply. There had been many little "tiffs" in their long friendship, but, owing principally to Octavia's happy, forgiving disposition, they had always "blown over"; and Mary Alice was confident that this tiff too would blow over like the rest.

She liked to declare that she was blunt, that she would not "say behind a person's back" what she would not say "to their face." She had convinced herself that her bluntness was a virtue and that, regardless of consequences, the truth must be spoken at all times.

Octavia Bennet went into her neat, pleasant sitting room and sat down. The tears had dried on her cheeks, and she was hot with indignation. She picked up a flower catalogue from the centre table and looked through it; she'd see if Mary Alice Page could treat her like that! She guessed she could have a pink Cherokee of her own if she wanted it! She'd make out an order that very day and send it off! There were home choice ferns and vines too that she had long wanted for hot hanging baskets; she would include them in her order even if she really couldn't afford it! She would show Mary Alice.

But as usual her better self prevailed: "Pshaw! I'm silly to care!" she said. "Poor Mary Alice, I do believe she's real miserable. Anyone with dyspepsia ought to be excused, for anything they say or do!"

The next day, when Octavia Bennet was out in her back yard watering the sweet peas beside the picket fence that divided the two places, Mary Alice banged the screen door and came down her clean back steps and across the yard to the fence. In her hand she carried a plate covered with a blue-and-white fringed napkin. "I had good luck with my baking-powder biscuits," she said, "and I thought maybe you'd enjoy some for your lunch." She looked across at Octavia and offered the plate.

A strange new spirit of perversity seemed to spring to life suddenly in Octavia Bennet. She kept on watering the sweet peas and spoke serenely. "Why, I'm ever so much obliged, Mary Alice," she said, "but I've plenty of fresh bread on hand. I don't need your biscuits a bit. Thank you just the same."

Mary Alice looked at her in silence, then turned awkwardly and went up the steps and into the house. Her eyes were alight with indignation. When had such a thing ever happened between her and Octavia? Ice-changing culinary samples had always been one of the pleasant expressions of their friendship.

She set the rejected gift on the table and stood looking straight ahead of her. So that was how Octavia felt about the pink Cherokee, was it? Well, if that was the way she felt about it—

Days passed into weeks without a sign of relenting on either side of the dividing fence. The pink Cherokee took root and threw out little green leaves that peered through the pickets of the fence in Octavia's pretty garden.

One day a sweet, pink bud appeared on Octavia's side and within a week opened into a perfect blossom. Octavia, looking at it from the lace-screened bay window of her sitting room, smiled to herself.

"The pretty thing!" she said. "It's bound to be friendly anyway! I shouldn't be surprised if my side of the fence—the south side—would get most of Mary Alice's pink Cherokees! Poor Mary Alice! I do miss her!"

That afternoon a woman friend of Octavia's came for her in a new automobile and took her for a drive. As Octavia went down the pansy-bordered path, tying her veil down over her hat, there was something so pretty and young about her that Mary Alice, screened by her window curtains, watched her with envious eyes.

"Yes!" she said. "All carried away by anybody who shows her any attention! She's just like a child; easily lead! Went out to dinner at Mrs. Staples's yesterday and out driving with Eldora Plummer to-day! And had her Sunday School class all there last night for supper! She seems to be having a good time these days, no matter if she has lost her best friend. For I am her best friend! There isn't a person in this town who'd do so much for her as I would if she were sick or in want. I declare I wish I'd never got that pink Cherokee rose! And now that I've got it, it's just like everything else; it does better for her than it does for me! Every single bud is going to blossom on her side of the fence!"

Weeks drifted into months, and soon a whole year had passed. It was Cherokee time again, and Mary Alice's bush had had its own sweet will and sought the sunshine on Octavia's side of the fence. In May it was a thing of beauty, and Octavia would have revelled in the pink sweetness if there had not always been associated with it the hurt of the broken friendship.

There had not been utter alliance between the two. They had met at the Ladies' Aid Society, at the Public Library and occasionally on the street and at the house of a neighbor. They had exchanged greetings and polite formalities, but during the whole year neither had opened the other's gate or stepped into the other's garden.

Octavia's garden as usual was luxuriantly lovely. Her tall phmy lilacs, her old-fashioned bleeding hearts and red peonies, her pansies and violets and ferns, her well-kept lawn and pleasant porch with its potted plants and hanging baskets attracted the admiration of everyone who passed. Mary Alice's garden, too, was beautiful; she had worked harder than ever to make it so.

One afternoon the illness of a relative called Octavia Bennet to a distant town. She would be away several days at least, and Mary Alice, watching her start with her suit-case for the station, resolved to put into effect a plan that had long lain in her mind.

When the afternoon train had gone and dusk was setting in she carefully removed from her reading bed a strong young pink Cherokee rosebush and carried it over to Octavia's garden. She knew just the place for it—a corner where, as it happened, Octavia had planted nothing. She spaded up the rich soil and watered it well before she slipped away through the sweet-scented dusk.

"I'll tell her sometime that I rooted it on purpose for her," she said to herself. "I took off the cutting that very day she refused my biscuits; it seemed to me I had to!"

A week later Octavia Bennet opened her gate and walked up the pansy-bordered path. Her eye ran approvingly over the garden. Everything was bright and fresh; the boy she had hired to water the plants had evidently been faithful to his duty.

Then her eye caught sight of the new-comer against the fence, and she went over to look at it. "I do wonder," she said to herself. "I do wonder."

The gate latch clicked, and Mary Alice came swiftly to her across the lawn. "Octavia," she said, "supper is all ready, and I'd like you to come and eat with me! It knows you're just tired out, and I want you to come."

Suddenly she put both arms round Octavia. "I'll forgive you if you'll forgive me!" she said, jug as they had said many times to each other when they were little girls. And, standing there under the plumy lilacs, the two women kissed each other.

"I rooted it on purpose for you," went on Mary Alice, "and all the time that I was watching it take root and grow I was thinking how selfish I'd been. But that's all ended now, and I want you to come right over to supper. Peggy's got the prettiest family of kittens she ever had, and you can have your pick. There's one white one, a beauty—"

Octavia smiled at her. "I'll be right over as soon as I go into the house. I've got a present for you in my suit-case. It's a new kind of yoke I learned to crochet while I was gone. It'll be pretty under that thin lavender waist of yours. My! But it seems good to get back home, and back to you, Mary Alice!"—Companion.

The man who repents on a sick bed from which he recovers, generally backslides before he pays his doctor's bill.

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THE MAN WHO BOSSED JOHNSON

Here is a little businesslike experience that is of the nature of a business parable. It is being published and distributed by the Sheldon School, Chicago. It speaks for itself. It may strike fire in the mind of many a young business man or woman.

Away back in—well, never mind, it's a good while ago—I was a red-headed kid in a machine shop, and I guess I was pretty bumptious. I was about eighteen and had nearly served my time and wanted—a foreman job more than I wanted anything else in the world.

We had a traveller who sold about all the product of the shop, and it was currently reported that he had graduated from the shop and was getting $3,000 a year—doing just as he pleased.

Well, I looked on Van as a prince. When I got tired of imaging myself as foreman I would sometimes wonder if I would ever earn as much as Van, $3,000 a year. And I was getting $1.60 a day. Three thousand dollars was a boundless wealth to me.

One morning I was in a fearful temper, discontented with myself and the world. Then Van came up behind me. Nobody could be out of temper with Van. "Well, Reddy," he said, "when are you going to be foreman?" Then he sat down and drew me out. Finally he said: "You can be foreman, either of this place or some other, just as soon as you've had sufficient practice in bossing men. Everybody wants foremen and superintendents and salesmen, and all you've got to do is to start in and practice as you did on the lathe and planer."

"How can I practice? I'm only a cub here; everybody tells me what to do, and I've got to do it."

"Well, Reddy, there's one man whom you can practice on; that's Johnson."

"Me?"

"No, not you, but Johnson. Every man has two pretty distinct personalities in the one body. One is energetic, ambitious, likes to do right and get along; that's you. The other is careless, shiftless, lazy, and fond of a good time; that's Johnson. Now what you've got to do it to learn to boss Johnson, and you'll find it will take a lot of practice. When you get so that you can boss Johnson successfully—keep him right up to the mark all the time and keep him good-natured about it—then, and not till then, you'll have the skill and practice to boss more than one man. Now there's the man for you to practice on. Will you do it? Blanks! I feel sorry for Johnson, for he'll have to stand it. I'm going to be around here for a week, and I'll start you right."

Well, the idea tickled me. Van would come around and say: "Reddy, tell Johnson to do this, and keep after him, see that he does it."

In the course of a week I began to like the game. I also found out a lot of things I had never suspected. As Reddy, the foreman, I used to jack myself up as Johnson, the workman, and, according to Reddy, Johnson was a good deal of a slob. Van went on the road, and I kept after Johnson night and day. I ordered him to bed and ordered him up. I checked up on his work and made him study. As Reddy, the foreman, I thought less of myself as Johnston, the workman, until my opinion of Johnson was at a pretty low ebb. I noticed that the old man was watching me a good deal, and I began to be afraid that Johnson would get tired; so Reddy drove Johnson harder than ever.

One night I overheard two people talking in front of me. One had been away, and he said: "How's Reddy Johnson doing?"

"Fine," said the other; "he's assistant foreman at the shops now, in charge of the erecting, with from three to ten men under him all the time."

I heard no more. Was I foreman? When did I become foreman? When the new wing was put up six months before, I was put to work in it with some helpers and my wages had been raised then.

Yes, I had been foreman six months and was so busy bossing Johnson I had not noticed it. I had to have outsiders tell me about it.

Six months later I was offered a superintendency of another factory at about double the wages, and the first advised me to take it, saying that I could come back if I didn't make good. That aroused all the fight in me, and I made good. I kept on bossing Johnson until I made a salesman out of him. Now I own some works myself. I am as far ahead of Van's $3,000 a year as I was behind it when I started.

It's an old idea. The Bible says: "He that is master of himself is greater than he that taketh a city."

"MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S"

The expression "Mind your P's and Q's," arose in the printing house, where the small "p" and "q" in Roman type have always confused the printer's apprentice on account of their similarity in appearance when the type is mixed or "piled."

For this reason, one of the first instructions given to the apprentice who aspired to become a printer was to "mind his p's and q's"—or, in other words, not to get them mixed so that they would be interchanged in printing.

Additional emphasis was placed upon the phrase through the custom in taverns in the Old Land of keeping account of purchases of beer and ale throughout the week by writing a "p" in the credit book for each pint of liquor sold but not paid for, and a "Q" for each quart.

On Saturday, when men had received their pay, they would be greeted with the cry, "Mind your P's and Q's"—a gentle method of informing them that no more drinks would be served until their accounts were settled.

A LOGICAL INQUIRY

An eager looking urchin approached a man hurrying toward the railway station. "Carry your bag, sir?" he asked.

"No," snapped the man.

"I'll carry it all the way for a dime," said the boy.

"I tell you I don't want it carried!" snarled the man.

"Don't you?"

"No! No!"

Whereupon the lad broke into a quick trot to keep up with his victim's hasty strides, as he asked, in innocent curiosity:

"Then what are you carrying it for?"

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LUCY'S SOLO

"I think I won't go to church this morning," said Lucy, with a glance out of the window at weather that had seemingly settled down to an all-day's rain. "I'll just eat a leisurely breakfast, and then read the new book Aunt Grace brought," she added, reaching for a slice of toast.

"But you have a solo—or at least a solo part in one of the songs, Lucy," reminded her mother.

"Nancy Weston can take it if I'm not there," carelessly replied Lucy, spreading her toast liberally with jam.

For a moment her mother was silent, but her face wore a troubled look. "Lucy," she asked presently, "why do you sing in the choir?"

"Why, mother, laughed Lucy, "why do you ask me that?"

"Never mind why I'm asking you, child," said mother. "Just answer my question, please."

"Why, I suppose because I have a voice and can help out in the church in that way," answered Lucy, a hint of surprise in her tones at her mother's query.

"Then you don't think," said her mother, "that your song is helping some one often. Is perhaps bringing them just the message their heart needs?" There was a shade of disappointment in mother's voice.

Lucy's face grew thoughtful. "I never have thought much about that, mother," she slowly replied. "And that's the really big thing about it, too, isn't it?" She gave a hasty glance at the clock, and rose from the table. "I'm going to church, mother," she said, stooping to kiss her as she passed her chair. "I can't afford to miss a chance to help someone with my song," she added, smilingly.

When Lucy rose with the choir for the song that included her solo part, she glanced over the congregation. Way back in the very last pew was a girl no older than herself. But there was a discouraged droop to her shoulders, and a lonely look in the big brown eyes. Home way Lucy's eyes couldn't leave her. Presently her own voice took up the song alone. And suddenly a new expression came into the girl's face—the girl who sat in that last pew. Her eyes brightened, and she leaned forward, listening as one listens who hears the thing that satisfies the very heart. The song finished, the choir again sat down. But Lucy did not lose sight of the one to whom evidently the song had been a real message of cheer and help.

The service over, Lucy hurried from the choir loft, and went quickly out of the church by a side door. Hastening around to the main entrance, she met the girl from the back pew just as she was stepping out into the street. The glad look of recognition that flashed into the strange girl's face when she saw who was greeting her, brought a quick mist to the eyes of tender-hearted Lucy.

Drawing the girl into a quiet corner of the rapidly emptying church, friendly Lucy soon was hearing the little story of the other's home-sickness and loneliness in the big town. "Only this morning when I woke up, I felt so miserable and forlorn. Why, I almost didn't come to church. Suppose I hadn't" she added almost as if speaking to herself. "Suppose I had not!" and she turned to Lucy. "I'd have missed the very thing I needed. The strength and uplift of your song."

"And I almost did not come to church, either," thought Lucy. "And if I hadn't, think of the opportunity I'd have missed!" But aloud, she said, happily, as she tucked the stranger girl's arm in hers, "I'm going to take you home to dinner with me. My mother will want to meet the girl to whom my little song carried such a happy message."—Blanche Coonley Blessing.

A GOOD LOSER

In order to be a good loser, one must be a good player, that is a wholehearted player. Some young folks are indifferent to losing a game because they never cared particularly to win it, but that is far from being a good loser. In fact, it is a mistake to play games you do not care to win, as it is a mistake to do anything into which you put half-hearted effort.

No one can be a good loser who puts victory above everything else. There are some people who do not care how they win. Some crowds at a baseball game will cheer an opponent's error as heartily as they would cheer a home run by one of the team they favor. But one who has the right attitude toward the game would rather be beaten by his opponent's skill, than win by his opponent's blunder.

The good loser does not complain, and neither does he explain too much. Some losers can demonstrate scientifically that the game was won by sheer luck. Even if you believe it, it is better not to talk about it. Leave someone else to say that you played the better game but luck was against you.

The good loser does not feel any resentment toward his successful opponent. Some people cannot lose a game without losing their temper at the same time, and the second loss is vastly worse than the first. Even if one has beaten you at chess or tennis, it does not follow that he is absolutely depraved. If you find yourself unable to find any redeeming quality in one who has beaten you at a game, it will be well for you to give up playing games till you can take a more sportsmanlike view.

To a good loser, Winning a game is an insignificant thing compared with winning that victory over yourself which makes it possible to wish to win, and yet accept defeat cheerily, pluckily and sensibly.

ABOUT AN AMERICAN

"I have a cousin," related the son of Erin, "who can stand on his head, take a bottle between his feet, draw the cork wit' his teeth, and take a drink. Can you bate it?"

"Very good for an Irishman," assented the gawky Highlander. "But it's nothing to what a Scotsman would do for a drink."

"IT'S NOT OF THE LEAST CONSEQUENCE"

Those words come to the lips of well-bred people very loudly when the offender is someone outside the family. The coffee cup is overturned on a mahogany tablecloth. The valuable vase is broken, or perhaps the guest is detained, and arrives twenty minutes after the hour set for dinner. But in each case he receives the same assurance, "It's not of the least consequence."

But when brother Tom overturns his coffee cup that is another matter. Then the stain on the tablecloth becomes a matter of serious consequence. "Tom, aren't you ever going to get over your awkwardness?" This tablecloth was clean yesterday and now it will have to go into the wash tub." And if Edith is late getting to a meal, Martha, whose right it is to wash the dishes, glowers at her in an unfriendly fashion and even sniffs when Edith offers her excuse.

Now it is true that carelessness of this sort should be discouraged. But it is also true that the happiness of home life would be enormously increased if we should pass over the blunders of the family circle as courteously as we do those of the chance guest.

PHYSIOLOGICAL READING

Two pupils in a primary school were encountering difficulties with their "First Reader."

"Tommy," asked one of the other, "how can you tell which is 'd' and which is 'b'?"

"Don't you know?" returned Tommy. "Why, the 'd' is the letter with its stomach on its back."

Lord and Lady Byng and Captain Cook, R. N. R., Commander of S. S. "Empress of France" on arrival at Quebec

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In seven years the public forgot Pearline, and it dwindled from millions to nothing.

Pears Soap once tried the same experiment; noting the alarming slump in sales in six months they resumed their advertising and did not bust.

If people did not die, if people did not move, if new generations did not grow up, if customs and habits did not change, if competition did not compete, if people were not open to suggestion and receptive to new ideas, there would be no need of advertising, and when a business was once built up it would stay put. But until then advertising is the surest safeguard for the established product, the most certain hope for the new idea.—Aberdeen (S. D.) News.

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